

it. The blue shirt was immediately and reverently drawn together and pinned, so that the cold bosom should not be rudely exposed to the wind. And so tenderly did the strong hands raise the body that one would have supposed each man a brother to the dead girl, arrayed as she was in the dress of a common sailor.

No one could give any account of who or what she was. All that could be found out was, that she had shipped at Liverpool, that she was a free, good-hearted *fellow*, as jolly as the jolliest, yet never had any of her mess-mates heard her utter any rough language, such as sailors proverbially use.

She was laid gently in the trench, and her companions each had a word of sorrow for her sad fate as her coffin was covered up beneath the sand.

Subsequently one of the men asserted that a circumstance recurred to his mind which shed some light on the mystery. In Liverpool, in the sailor's house in which he had stayed before this voyage, a London detective officer had been making inquiries whether a certain young woman, whose name was Mary Merrill, had applied for a situation as cook. She had run away to avoid a marriage with a man whom her father and mother wished her to have, and whom she did not like. She had been traced from one sailor's house to another, trying to obtain a situation. Here, however, all trace of her was lost.

Immediately after the detective left, this young *man* came in and offered to "*inlist*" as a sailor, he said. He was so evidently green, that he was subjected to a good deal of chaffing by the men around, but bore it all in good humor, and finally engaged as a landsman, as we would say in old times. I thought kind of queer of it at the time, but now I am perfectly satisfied that he, or rather she, was that self-same Mary Merrill.

This was the only direct intelligence we could learn of that strange, singular girl. Doubtless she was aware at the time she entered the service, that she would soon be captured if she did not disguise herself. So she had donned a man's suit, and chosen a most laborious and dangerous profession in order that she might be safe from further pursuit. Poor girl, in avoiding one fate she brought upon herself a more dreadful one, at least, in the eyes of the world.

OUR HEROINE.

Never for one instant did the brave and noble-hearted fisherman's daughter, Carrie Clancy, relax her exertions; for when the groups of exhausted men were gathered upon the beach at different points, she, accompanied by her father and Rev. Mr. Ancient, carried coffee, and bread and meat around among them, refreshing and encouraging them.

We have noticed that a number of subscriptions have been started for the Reverend gentleman, who is every way worthy thereof. But we hope that the modest but heroic girl, Carrie Clancy, will not be forgotten because of her modesty; for, since the days of Grace Darling, there has not been a braver, nobler girl on any coast.